

THE
R A S H
DUELLIST
DISECTED:

WITH THE
INCONVENIENCIES

That Attend

H I M.

By Way of ESSAY.



London, Printed for Phillip Brooksby. 1673.

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THE
EPISTLE
TO THE
READER.

READER,

Sound judgement has not capacitated me for the
State, nor has sober Learning qualified me for the
Church: no, I am not acute enough for the Knot-
ty Law, nor profound enough for the Mysterious
Gospel. Therefore having (perhaps) unadvisedly run
my self into a little Tract, that borders upon Policy
and Religion, I have endeavour'd to steer my course so,
as that I may not fall foul on that Rock, nor be
swallowed up in this Gulph: For I intend nothing
contained in this Essay, as counsel from the Bar, or
reproof from the Pulpit, but only as the Remarques
of a Moralist.

To the Reader.

If thou expectest an accompt of the motives that induc'd me to this Rashness: know, that being by Birth an Englishman, and by Education an Academician, by the Affection I have for my Country, and out of the respect I owe to my Mother, the University, I thought my self obliged (at least to endeavour) not to be a disparagement to either: And since it lyes not in my way, to contribute to the making of Combes, nor bringing in of Honey: that I might exempt my self from the Imputation of Drone, I resolv'd to busie my self, though about nothing.

If this will not satisfie thee, but that having read such a Trifle, thou must fall into great admiration, and many questions, such as, Why would this fellow pretend to Write, &c. Let all thy Wonder cease, and all thy questions be resolved in this; That Few Men, who have not Wit enough to Write well, have judgement enough to discern that they

Write ill.

Vale.

The

An Essay of Duelling.

WHile we conceive *Duelling* as an *Action*: under that *Conception*, we must have recourse to *Circumstances* for its *Discriminating Epethets* of good or bad: But these are so various both in *Number* and *Kind*, that it will be very difficult to reduce the *Thesis* to any *certainty*, without mustering up a *Volume* of *Instances* out of *God's Revenge against Murder*, or some Book like it; and so by the several *descants* upon every *Individual Duel*, to deduce *Arguments* to prove one general *Assertion*: (*Viz.*) *That all Duels are unlawful.*

But since I intend a Discourse more *Concise*, and (I hope) more to the *Purpose*, than that comes to, I designedly omit the *Enumeration* of that long train of *Circumstances* which wait on our *Actions*: instancing only in the most general motive that enduceth men to *Duelling*; which I look upon as the proper *Basis* on which the stress of my present Discourse ought to rely. This Motive I have generally observed to be the *preservation* of *Honour*, and look upon it as the *end* (or more properly the *beginning*) of all *Duels*; and is indeed a very fair mark to aim at: so that

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nothing can redound to the disparagement of the *Archer*, but his proving so *Purblind*, as not rightly to distinguish between the *reality* and the *resemblance*; or so *Unskilful*, as never to come near the *White*.

And I am fearful that I shall too easily make it appear that many *Gentlemen* are very *short-sighted* in this *Particular*, and that either through the *false Vizards* they have put upon *Honour*, or the *unjust estimates* they make of it, they oftentimes *Fight* for the *shadow* instead of the *substance*, and (through that *mistake*) *destroy* what they so *Zealously* endeavour to *maintain*. A *true Diamond* is indeed a *Jewel of Price*, but it is *Rivalled* by *Glass* and *Pebbles*; *Iron* may wear a *superficies* as curiously *Engraved* as the *purest Steel*, but it is not so familiar and kind to the *Loadstone*: *Brass* may bear the same *impress* with *Gold*, but it cannot put a *cheat* upon the *Touchstone*: and as for *Honour*, I Fancy it is as distinguishable by its *proper* and *genuine marks*, as any of these.

The *Touchstone* of *Honour* I take to be *Morality*; nothing certainly can be so true a *Gage*, or so just a *Standard* of it, as the *Ethicks*: So
that

that I shall adventure to make this general assertion: (in spight of *Hectors*) *Viz.* That it is impossible for a Man to be truly Honourable, who is not truly Vertuous: And though Men have either carelessly, or industriously suffered that one great embelishment, *Magnanimity*; as it were to Monopolize all Vertue, making a convertible Proposition of it. That no man can be Honourable, but he that is Stout: and again, That no Man can be Stout, but he must be Honourable: Yet I believe the rest of the *Moral Vertues* would take it very unkindly, so to be shouldred out of doors, but that they see *Magnanimity* so grossely abused, as it is even by those who pretend to be the greatest admirers of it. How this *Error* came to escape Conviction, I know not, but certainly 'tis the greatest imaginable; and carries Pawn (I am confident) with none but such as really are, or however would be thought *Ranck Hectors*: And even such quickly find themselves hugely disappointed in their ill-grounded hopes: For whatever they purpose to themselves in the midst of their *bus-fing*, yet while they are endeavouring to impose the name of *Bubble* upon others, they become the greatest ones themselves, owing their *Greatness* to a vapour, till they break into Nothing.

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And after they have convinced the whole World by their *Duels* and *Murders*, what undaunted Spirits they have, for which they expect *Adoration* from all that pass by *them*, they are forced to content *themselves* with the *applauses* of two or three of their *Brethren*, and the *submissive respect* of some few of their *Creatures*: And I make my appeal to any *sober* and *rational* Man, whether a person notorious for *Lying*, a *Prodigious Sot*, an *abominable Lecher*, or the like, gain the least *Honour* or *Esteem* with any, but such as are like himself, though he be the *stoutest man living*. For my part, I would no more *espouse* such an acquaintance, because of his *Courage*, than I would chuse to *Marry a beastly common Strumpet*, because she had a *sprightly eye*, or some other commendable *feature*: and do not find any *Catachresis* in the *Analogy*, more, than that the latter is a companion the least mischevious and dangerous of the two.

Thus it is my opinion, that a man who is every way *morally vicious*, excepting in his *Courage*, ought to live with less *Honour*, than he that is in all other respects *morally good*, and well accomplished, though a *Coward*, for *Courage* is the gift of *Nature*, and if a man wants it, 'tis not his fault but

but his *misfortune*: *Nature* is *unkind*, and he is *unhappy*; he is *good* to the uttermost of his *Power*, by *suppressing Nature* when 'tis *rebellious*, but he cannot *encourage* it when 'tis *faint-hearted*: he finds it *deficient* in his *heart*, and therefore supplies that *chasm* by a more than *common liberality* of his *hands*, *affability* of his *Tongue*, &c. And since he wants one *branch* in the *Tree of Honour*, he so orders and disposes of the rest, that they *flourish* to the *making up* of that *Breach*.

Thus while the Gentleman I mentioned even now, makes *necessity* of a *Vertue*, by *pressing his courage* to *vindicate the Quarrels* of his many other vices, this makes a *vertue of necessity*, by *marshalling all his other excellencies* to the *concealment* of this deformity. While he has a mind so beclouded, as to abate much of the lusture of his *Fortitude*; This has a Soul so serene, as even to *lend Rays* to his *Pusillanimity*. While he *Arrests* his *Magnanimity* to pay the debts of his *drunkenness*, this by his *temperance*, plays the good *Husband*, and *contracts none*.

Not that I intend this for a *Panegyrique* of *Comardice*, but only by this *Antithesis* to evince how grossly they mistake, who think all *Honour* placed in *readiness* to go into the *Field* upon every the least occasion,

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tion; and him to be the *only Gentleman*, that will do this, though in all other matters he be *vitiating*, even to a *Debauch*. But taking what I have said for granted, the consequence will be this: That *Courage* alone cannot *maintain*, much less purchase *Honour*, unless there be a *consent*, and a *combination* of the *other vertues* to assist it. Arms look very *naked* without *Supporters*: And let the *Solæcism* appear how great soever, 'tis a *Truth* that *Affability* and *Meekness* is the best *varnish* to *Courage*, which (like *vinegar*) will fret and feed upon it self, unless it be allayed with *Water*, or some more innocent *Liquor*. But the mischief of it is, that Men are now generally become their own *Heralds*, they will not remember that *Honor est in honorante*; nor be beholding to the World for that *Worship*, which they conceive to be a just *Debt* to their *Merit*. They grow furious, and are like *Nebuchadnezer*: for putting all men (like *Neba*) to Death that will not *Idolize* these *Images* of their own setting up. But if these would consider that their *Reputation* lyes in other Mens hands, they would certainly remember that it is rather to be won with *gentleness*, and *civility*, than by *rigor* and *force*. The suddain snatching of so *brittle* a *Mettle* may crack it,

it, when Care and soft usage may preserve it *entire*. And the best advice that can be given in this case, is certainly this: (*viz.*) That Men would be so *Ingenious* as to get a *Reputation* before they grow so very *Zealous* to keep it.

But there is a Second sort of *Gentlemen*, who would take this advice as an *Affront*, because they come not under the *scandal* of *Debauchery*: And yet many of these are *Peccant* in a more than commendable *forwardness* to receive *affronts*, though not so ready to give them. These (in their own conceits) have *Honours* of a most *Prodigious Magnitude*, and indeed *swel'd* to that *Disproportion*, that it is rather to be feared they are *pust up* with a *Tympany of Pride*, than *consolidated* with firm *Nobility*. If a Man that has not the *Breeding* of the *Town* come into their Company, 'tis impossible he should *live*: Alas! this *dull Animal* cannot breath in their *Aura*. There is *Civility* in its *Purity*, when a Man that does not understand himself can neither look, speak, nor do any thing but what is taken for an abuse: If there arise any *Dispute*, he must offer nothing in opposition, but what must be usher'd in with a *by your pardon Sir, I think 'tis so---*

And

And indeed the *ill-bred Gentleman* may gain a *Fortune* in the Country with half the *ceremony* that he must here make use of to *Arm* himself against a *Challenge*. I confess these *clowns* are unhappy in their want of *Education*, and either by their ill *Managery* of their *actions*, or their *foolish retorts* in a dispute, they oftentimes become *rediculous* in themselves, and *abusive* to others. But yet methinks an *ingenious Soul* should make these *Occurences* the object of his *Laughter*, rather than of his *Anger*. I would have *Honour* like the *Palm-Tree*, to rise and appear *vigorous* under any weight, and not like the *Plant* we call *Sensitive*, to shrink in at every little *Touch*.

But the two *instances* already mentioned come not fully to my Purpose: the *disparity* is such that it seldom proceeds to a *Duel*: For the *Hector* or *Ruffin*, is one with whom scarce any man will *Fight*, and the *Pedant* or *Buffoon*, is one who will scarce *Fight* with any Man. The former is usually *Compounded* with, and the latter commonly lets fall the *Suit* before it comes to a *Trial*: Therefore before you bring the *Man of Honour* upon the *Stage*, you must bring him a *Competitor*, one that is a *Gentleman*, and in all respects lays as great a claim to *Gallantry* as himself; when such meet upon the

the least shadow of an *affront* arises a *Quarrel*, which is presently *seconded* with a *Challenge*, and ends in a *Duel*, as if it were impossible for these *Cocks* of the *Game* to see one another without *Animosity*. If they cannot be happy in a better occasion, the taking of the *Wall* shall serve the turn, and if either attempts to go next it, his *Adversary* shall do his best to *verifie* the *Proverb*, by endeavouring him to prove him the *weakest*.

But almost daily experience informs us of worse effects of the *Sword*, than those we hear of in *rencontres*, of which, if we inquire into the *causes* and *originals*, we shall find them comprized chiefly in three *Heads*: namely, *PLAY*, *WINE* and *WOMEN*. And whosoever will be at the trouble of keeping a *Diurnal* of the *Transactions* of this *City*, I dare say, shall scarce need any other *Common-place*, to refer all the *Duels* that have been fought for some years past, and will be Fought for some years to come, than *These*. How frequent (I may say constant) effects of this Nature do we daily find to be the *Natural* consequences of *Play*? *Passion* is its *unseperable Companion*, and if *Fortune* prove ever so little adverse,

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the *Loſer* takes occaſion to *Quarrel*; not only at *Her*, but the very perſon ſhe aſſiſts, though (perhaps) a *Bosom Friend*, or a neer *Relation*. As if he reſolved to *humour* his *Fortune* with his *Carriage*, and ſcorned to *behave* himſelf *well*, when the *Dice* run *ill*: Every unlucky *throw* puts him into an *Outrage*, and being grown *deſperate* upon the loſs of his *money*, he *Pawns* his *Reason*: Then follow the *God-dam-you's*, and *Plague-confound-you's*: Nay, and 'tis much if he give not the *Lye*, or the *Son of a Whore*, nor is it at all to be *admired*, if having broken out into *Prophanesſs*, he keeps not within the *Rules of Civility*. Theſe (I confeſs) are *indignities* not to be endured, and let a Man be never ſo well *Armed* with *Moderation* or *Friendſhip*, yet ſuch *aſſaults* as theſe, preſently make a *breach*, and force him to *Proclaim open War*. So that in effect *Speering's Ordinary* proves the ready way to *Lambs-Conduit*; and a *ſmooth Table* becomes as *fatal* to throw *Dice* upon, as a *Drum-head*.

Nor is *Wine* a leſs incendiary to theſe kind of *Heats* and *Quarrels*, than *Play*: Nay, moſt commonly it is the *fiſt mover*, not only of the *remoter Effects*, but alſo of the more *immediate cauſes*; for *Gameing* and *Whoring* would be *meagre* and *disregarded vices*, were they not *pampered up* with *Drinking*. This takes
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away those Rubs and Obstacles which Sobriety Dictates to our Reason; and removes those Boones, which a temperate resolution had set up as Guides, and non ultra's, and while we miss these, no wonder if we run our selves a ground: Every Man when he is Sober, knows that to play with Rooks and Confederates, is to make Ducks and Drakes of his Money; and yet one drunken fit removes all his Jealousies, and then he will venture himself with any Fellows, and his money at any rate.

But supposing him so prudently drunk, as not to be drawn into Play, tis odds; but you find him so foolishly Quarrellous, as that way to run himself into equal inconveniencies. Not one in twenty but is so grossely abusive, that it is beyond the patience of a stranger to endure it: Nay, even his most intimate acquaintance know not where to have him; their good advice is misconstrued, and their actions of friendship mistak; and unless they have less wine, or more wit in their Heads than he, you may rationally expect one or more of the Company in the literal sense Bloody-drunk. But it may so happen that they are intercepted, and these Intestine (I cannot call them civil) Broils reconcil'd: Yet the mischief does not commonly end there, they do but like neighbouring Princes,

Princes, who in the heat of *War* make a *League*, and both joyn against a *common Enemy*. They cannot walk (or rather reel) the *Street* without offering an *affront* to every one they meet. The best qualified *Gentleman*, or the *modestest Lady* cannot pass them without a *Rudeness* offered: So that tracing them from the *Tavern* to *Whetstones-Park*, you will assuredly find some *drops of Blood*, or hear of some *work* cut out for the next *Morning*.

And then indeed begins a *Tragi-comædy*, enough to make *Democritus* look *serious*, or *Heraclitus* laugh. Were there a thousand *Cressus's*, 'tis impossible they should contain themselves, seeing these *Asses* mumbling *Thistles*: One of these awakes in *discontent*, just remembering that he did *challenge* a *Gentleman*, and appointed him a place of *meeting*, but has forgotten where: A *Second* remembers the place, but knows nothing else of the *Quarrel*. A *third* remembers the *Gentleman* to have been most *grossely* abused, without any cause at all. Well, after this *council of war* has debated the thing, and consulted *their Honours*, the result of all is a necessity of *Fighting*. Thus as the *Pope* proves himself *infallible* by maintaining the *Errours* he runs into: so these *Gentlemen* justify all their *actions* to be *Honourable* by *vindicting* those that are *otherwise*. And

And now I am to beg pardon of the *Lady* for shouldring them into any concern in this *Tragedy*: How they came to be engaged, I know not, but according to my observation, they are rather the occasions of it, than actors in it. We have a saying, that there is seldom any mischief done, but a woman is at one end of it. But in this case, the mischief proceeds most commonly from our foolish zeal, not from their instigations. I conceive the Precedence due to those that are honourable, and therefore I shall first instance in them; such (I mean) as have preserved their reputations, and are esteemed *Vertuous*: and certainly no such person can be thought necessary to our follies, or a fomentour of our vices, but it (as the Sophister calls it) *causa per accidens*, as in this case.

Supposing a *Lady* Young, Rich, and Handsom, having done that, you suppose her surrounded with *Servants*, of whom possibly she affects one more Peculiarly, and he that is thus happy or unfortunate; (call it which you please) must either Relinquish his hopes, or Maintain them with his Sword. If he be Victorious in the first Encounter, he shall meet with a Second, and if there be Twenty of these Rivals, they shall have the Fate of Red breasts, shut up in an *Aviary*:

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all must dye save one, and none must enjoy this *Venus*, but the *God of War*: While each has set up a resolution not to desire her *Affection*, but win it; which to effect, they propose no other way, than by *destroying* the object of it: and yet this goes for a piece of *Gallantry*, not only *Justifiable*, but *Meritorious*: such an example of *Knight-Errantry*, as that a Man cannot prove himself a *Gentleman* without it. I confess I admire Actions of this Nature, as much as any Man, but it is for the *rashness* and *folly* of them: for I cannot fancy they have any *rational* aim or design. Do men hereby propose to themselves enjoyment of the *Lady*? To me it seems very improbable that such a woman as we have already supposed, should love a Man for no other reason but that he has *Murdered* him she formerly inclined to: or to reward the *improvident Husband* with the *Grapes*, because she chatcht him cutting down the *Supporters* of the *Vine*.

But allowing this to be well received on the *Ladies* part, there remains yet another difficulty to be removed before it can proceed to a *Sack-posset*: there is a place right *Newgate*, and a Creature called, a *Judge*, that will have something to say to: *Mr. Bridegroom*, in *Potentia*, who perhaps forbids
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the *Banns*, and so deprives him of the opportunity of being called *handsom Man*, as he is going to *Church*, but gives him as fair a one as he is going to the *Gallows*. Thus falls this *Champion of Honour* a *Martyr to Love*, and he that fancied himself to live with all *Imaginable esteem*, and *repute*, now dyes with *unconceivable reproach* and *disgrace*, confessing that *Honour in Youth is but an itch o'th' blood*,
Of doing things extravagantly good.

Yet, I confess, of all instances this last, as 'tis the most excusable in it self, so 'tis the least *deplorable* in the consequences of it: because he that suffers is a *single person*, and pays no *debts* but those of his own *contracting*: whereas in some cases, though the *Halter* puts an end to a Mans *Life* and *Honour* together, yet the *Shame* and *Misery* survives to his *Posterity* (if he has any.) 'Tis possible the *Pendant Gentleman* may leave a *Widow* and *Orphans* bewailing his *Dishonour*, and their own *Misfortune*: for while he makes a *forfiture* of his *estate* to the *King*, and his good *Name* to the *World*, he *Entails* upon them nothing but *Scandal* and *Beggery*.

As these *Disasters* therefore are not always occasioned by *Evil WOMEN*, so neither are they always the effects of *Love*: For if a *Gentleman* be
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handing a Lady along the Street (whatever she be) how unmercifully stout does he grow upon a fuddain, a Man cannot pass by this shrine, but he must do it reverence, at least by keeping a fit distance, if casually he gives her the least jostle, 'tis ten to one but this zealous Gallant, out of an ambition to ingratiate himself, and appear a Man of mettle, comes out with his *Damme! what d'ee mean?* or *how now Logger-head, what's that for?* and either he draws himself, or gives the other provocation enough to do it. Is not this the *Mode* of the Town? and do not several occurrences like these happen in a Year? Inso-much that many times men lose their lives in vindicating the reputation of a common *Whore*, as if Honour (by a kind of *Antiphrasis*) were to be maintained by things dishonourable, or (like the *Fig-tree*) did flourish best, when planted near to *Rue*.

And now having traced these disturbed and unpleasant streams through all their by-paths, and Meanders, from their several spring-heads, down to the *Red-Sea*, whether they all tend. I think it time to cast an eye toward the Mountain tops: Those (I mean) of the Nobility & Gentry, who either by their Valour or Wisdom, are grown to a greatness and height above the level of other men. To whom I intend

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not to be so unjust, as to endeavour to *raze* or *under-*
mine those *Pyramids*, which either their *Ancestours*
or *themselves* have erected as perpetual *Memorials*
of their *Honour*. And indeed, could I be so *malicious*,
or *daring*, to attempt this, how strangely would my
endeavours be intercepted, when our *English*
Noble-men, like those of *Troy*, put forth their *as-*
sisting hand, to their *own destruction*, and themselves
become instrumental to the *Demollishing* of their
own *Babel*? If two of these *Structures* stand neer
together, lifting up their *heads* of equal height, what
æmulation and *envy* does it beget, *one* must be *pulled*
down, e're the *other* can be thought thoroughly *estab-*
lished? as if the *Temple* of *Honour* could be well
built upon nothing but its *own ruines*: or like the *Ca-*
pitol, it could not be *firmly founded*, but where the
builders find a *dead Mans skul*. So that if you take
a strickt Survey of any of these, you will find
the Walls *graced* (as they call it) with *several*
Hic jacet's; of which kind of *Monuments*, the more
there are, the more *beautiful* and *gorgeous* is the *Fa-*
brick esteemed. Thus do they make *Honour* a *Ca-*
nibal, or *Horsleach*, hungry for want of *Mans flesh*,
and thirsting after *blood*; and intimate to the *World*
that there is a *God* of *Honour*, so incensed, that

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nothing will appease him but *Human Sacrifice*, and that his *Votaries* must offer nothing at his *Altar*, but like the *Priests of Baal*, with the dreadful Ceremony of *Cutting and Wounding*. This kind of Religion I dare not contradict or reprove, it being the constant resolve of the *Maturest deliberations*, to attempt *Achievements* of this *Nature*, and the *Pride and Glory* of the *stoutest Champions*, to be blest in these their undertakings, with a *Prosperous success*, of whom he is the most *Honourable* that has the most *Gules* in his *Escutcheon*, and the most happy that has enroll'd the greatest number of *Martyrs* in the *Kalender of Honour*.

This, for ought I know, may not be an *errour* in *Planets* of the *Superiour Orbs*: but sure I am, it begets one in the *inferiour and sublunary bodies*, who while they look upon these as *true lights*, and *safe guides*, find themselves (as by an *Ignis fatuus*) benighted, and seduced. Noblemen cannot but discern how *Gentlemen of less quality throng and croud* to come as near them as is possible, imitating them according to (nay beyond) their *Abilities*, in their *Habit, Carriage*, and all pieces of *Gallantry*: Nay, even in their *Vices*, esteeming all things *Lawful*, or at least *Creditable* which are worthy of their pursuit. And

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were it not an easie matter for them to bring this foolish and rash way of *Duelling* into contempt, by being neither *examples* nor *countenancers* of it?

It would be *Arogance* in me, to propose any way for the effecting of this, but my confidence of the Facility of it is (I believe) well grounded; for all Men know, that whosoever kills a Man in a *Duel*, is *Ipso Facto*, to be put to death by the *Law*, and yet the *Fountain* of *Honour*, and the *Lawgiver*, are one and the same *Person*: (*Viz.*) The *King*: whom we must *Accriminate* with absurd and incongruous *contradictions* in his *actions*, if we suppose him to confer *Honour* upon a *Person*, and then immediately make such *Laws*, which if he obeys 'tis possible for him to preserve. Were there no other means to be used for the *preservation* of a Man's *Honour*, but to *Duel* the person that *assaulted* it, is it to be imagined that there would ever have been so severe a *Law* against *Duelling*? so then, the necessity of *Fighting* must be removed, or the *incongruity* allowed, which would be flat *Treason*.

A Man is *dub'd Knight Banneret* in the *Field*, for some *signal* piece of *Service*; is this person therefore obliged to *challenge* every *Hot-headed Boy*, that shall call him *Coward* at home? or may he not by

a *Sober* and *Prudent* carriage maintain his *Honour* without it : and order it so , that the *Pert Youth* appear a *Ridiculous Child* , while he proves himself as *Prudent* as *Stout*. And have we not many *gallant examples* of this temper in the Kingdom ? Are there not Men of unquestioned *Valour*, who have made the *Enemy* confess them to be *Lyons* , and yet will suffer these wanton *Kids* to leap into their very *mouths* without harm ? By which means (I think) they rather confirm themselves to be *true bred*, than give any man occasion to suppose them *degenerate*.

And now (I fancy) I have but one sort of Men left to deal with : (*viz.*) Those that allow *Duels* to be *unlawful*, and consequently *dishonourable*; and yet out of a *vain, glorious humour* will venture at all, resolving to purchase the Name of *Man*, though with the *Epithets* of *foolish* or *miserable*. Yet I am of an opinion, that if the good Laws provided in this case were duly executed, much of this *fool-hardiness* would be abated. But I can never hope to convince one by *Reason* , whom the *remissness* of *Justice*, or *abundance* of *Mercy* has thus emboldned: and therefore I will try (if he be not above *Fear*) to deter him, by setting before him the *unequal terms* upon which he must sometimes fight. This *Catbolique Dueller* must be

be supposed to maintain his *Honour* in all places, and with all persons: If so, than fancying him to be small in *stature*, or to have any *natural defect*, or *impediment* whereby he is rendred incapable of bearing up against one every way compleat, is it probable that such a one should be *Victorious*? So that this poor *Lamb* goes into the field but as a *victim* to *Honour*, and dies with double disadvantage to be first *abused*, and afterwards *killed* for it: and all the benefit that he reaps by it, is the *Encomium* of pretty mettled fellow, and the *Elegy*, of a thousand pitties. Thus does he gain *compassion* instead of *Honour*, and *Fools Paradise* instead of *Heaven*.

But though Probability gives this *Gyant* the *Victory*, yet 'tis possible that *Fortune* may so guide the *Pigmy's* sword, that it may reach the heart of this *Man of Gath*, who upon such an accident, falls with all *imaginable disgrace*; so that in an *unequal Duel* 'tis almost impossible for either of the *Sword-men* to obtain even that which the *vauntingest buff* miscalls *Honour*; for in the *first instance* the *infirmities* of the *Enemy* are traduced as *blots* in the *Escutcheon* of the *Victor*, and in the last, the *Conquest* is wholly *ascribed* to *Chance*: and therefore I approve of the answer given by a *Gentleman*, who having a great *Impediment* in his Eyes, desired his

his *Antagonist* (who Challenged him at *Rapier*) to meet him in a *dark Cellar* with a *Hatchet* : But fancying all desired *Parity*, persons equal in *Strength*, *Skill*, and *Courage*, how *Casual* then is the Event ! Certainly in such a case the *Victor* must allow himself indebted to *Fortune* for his *Success*, because (as I said) there is an *equallity*. Might not such *Desperadoes* as these, be perswaded upon a *mutual affront*, to *draw cuts* for their lives, agreeing that he who drew the shortest should *hang himself* to give the other *satisfaction* ? Why not ? For the *prudence* of this way 'tis certainly the best, because the *equallest*, having its whole dependance upon a *casualty* ; whereas in a *Duel* one of the *Combatants* may have the advantage of *skill*. For the *mettle* of it, 'tis the stoutest, because one of them must assuredly *dye* ; whereas in a *Duel* a *Coward* may encourage himself with the hopes of being *disarmed*, or *lightly wounded* : For the *mercy* of it, 'tis the most commendable ; for here only one perisheth, whereas in a *Duel* both may be *slain*, or *desperately hurt* : For the *satisfaction* of it, 'tis the *completest* ; for here a Man has *Plenary Restitution*, made by the *Offenders* own *hands*, while he lives at peace and liberty, to enjoy the *happiness* : whereas in a *Duel*, though he does kill his *Adversary*, yet the

Laws

Laws call a Man into question, and perhaps take away his Life: For the *pleasure* of it, 'tis (without doubt) the most *ticking*; for here you may please your self with seeing your *Enemy* do *Execution* artificially upon himself, whilst you stand by as a *safe Spectator*: whereas in a *Duel* the *danger* much abates of the *Lechery*: And lastly, for the *Honour* of it, 'tis far the *greatest*: for here the *vanquisht* is but *bang'd*: and that only in sight of two or three *Friends* (perhaps:) whereas in a *Duel*, the *conquerour* many times suffers a more *ignominious death*, even among *Malefactors*, and before thousands of *beholders*. What a *Ridiculous Solæcism* in Morrals is *Duelling*! when even so *Bruitish* a *proposition* as this, should appear far more *Rational* and *Eligible*.

But there is one thing yet behind, which hugely aggravates the indiscretion of it, that indeed whereby the name of *Folly* is swallowed up in madness: That is the use of *Seconds*. How this custome crept into the *World*, I cannot tell, but to me it seems the most *absurd* that can be thought of: I am not so well versed in *Martial History*, as to give you an account of the *Original* of these. But sure I am, if they were intended for good, their *Design* is strangely perverted: Were they *Spectatours* only to see that

no *Foul play* (as they call it) be offered: or such as might be *assistant*, as *Chirurgeons*, it were tolerable: But as they are now used, 'tis a *Frenzy* not to be *Parallel'd*. I need not inform the compleat *Dueller* that the *Mode* now adays, is for all the *Seconds* to draw at once with the *Principal*; and among them the *Engagement* is as *vigorous* as if each were the very person that first gave the affront. This indeed is *Honour* in it's *purity*! wherein the most *curious eye* cannot *discern* the least *dregs*: this is that *excellently refined Mettal*; which will endure the nicest touch of the choicest *Loadstone*! The *Principal* may be encouraged by *Passion*, or animated by *Revenge*, but here's he that will *fight* with any man in the quarrel of a *Friend*; nay, of a *Stranger*, quickned by no other *Spur* than that of *Honour*: In Heavens Name! what irreconcilable *absurdities*? what unavoidable *dangers* do men voluntarily run into? was ever, (no 'tis impossible) any thing in the world so *beteradox* to *reason*, nay, to *common-sence*, as this? for a man to go into the *Field*, to meet he knows not whom, perhaps a *bosom Friend*: to fight in justification of he knows not what, it may be giving the *Lye*: to lose his life in *Complezance*, he knows not how: possibly by being over-power'd by two or three.

three This is an *Intreague*, that for my Soul I cannot comprehend: A *Gordian knot* so interwoven, and complicated, that were *Alexander* himself alive, it would *nonplus* both him and his Sword. What can be the Riddle of this! Do men propose safety to themselves, by electing *Seconds*? If they do, I deny their *Major*. For if either of the *Seconds* fall, I suppose (pardon me if I err) he that slew him, may if he please, return to the assistance of his *own principal*; and then there are two against one. So that one chosen for a safe-guard, may become either through his want of skill, or good luck, destructive to the Person for whom he Engages. But there is yet a greater inconvenience that attends this *Folly*: For when only two fight, 'tis very possible that satisfaction may be had without the Death of either. But in this case where four or six engage, 'tis not to be imagined they shall all escape, and all Men know that the Death of either, renders all parties concerned as obnoxious to the *Law*, as if each were the man that had given him his mortal wound. In my apprehension, such undertakers seem to have no other *Plot*, than by setting themselves beyond the bounds of safety, to let the World know how little

E they

they fear *Death*: And does not every fellow that is possess'd with *Despair*, a *Frenzy*, the *Devil*, or what you will call it, while he *Stabs*, *Hangs*, or *Drowns* himself, deserve to be enrolled among these *Martyrs* of Honour, upon the same account? I think he does.

But to what purpose do I argue, when even mens *own inclinations* supersede my reasonings. In this case men by a *Diabolical* kind of *infatuation*, do that which they would not, and confute the *succession* of *Action* and *Election*. 'Tis in vain to dissuade a man from an enterprize, when he says himself,

————— *Video meliora probog;*

Deteriora sequor. —————

Nor can I rationally expect such mens compliance with my arguments, who cannot be obedient to their *own wills*. I dare appeal to any Man, whether he ever went into the *Field* (to fight a *Duel* I mean) unconcernedly: or having slain his *adversary*, returned joyfully. And can this be *true Honour* that has *Regret* for its *Companion*, and *Sorrow* for its *Lackey*?

And now having gone so far, as to decry *Duelling*, and to declare it as my opinion, that a *wounded reputation* is not to be cured by *weapon-salve*: It may be

be expected that I should propose some more *justifiable* way for the satisfaction of a *Person* injured in his *good Name*, by the reproaches of another.

But I conceive it improper to prepare *Restoratives*, before a Patient is satisfied that he is distempered: and Rude, thus to endeavour to *drench* him into Health against his Will; and take away the edge of that, which he calls a *good stomach*, when, indeed, it is *appetitus caninus*.

But if the attempt I have made, chance to work any way upon the Spirits of the *Duellist*, so as to bring him to himself, out of those *raving fits*, in which there is no coming *neer him*, without *danger*; I have those *Lenitives* in store, that will not (I hope) prove so *Galenically nauseating*, but that he may down with them: nor so *Spirituos*, and *Chimical*, but that he may take them safely: such as I dare say, will be conducing to *long Life*, and effect the *Cure* (as the *Quack's Bill* runs,) without *hindrance* of *business*, or *loss* of *reputation*.

And if this first *Essay* find the least of a favourable reception among Men, I shall adventure upon a second endeavour, to shew how in most cases a *Man's Honour* may be *preserv'd* without *Duels*: and remove the *Tyranical imposition* of sitting at a Feast

with a *Sword* hanging over our heads, fastned only by a hair. Yet least I should never meet with this encouragement; I only say in general, he that will preserve his *Honour* entire, and his *Reputation* sound; let him be morally good; let him behave himself submissively towards his Superiours, Valliantly towards his Enemies, Civilly towards his Equals, and Courteously towards his Inferiours; such a Deportment as this will prove a *gag* to *Malice*, and a *scourge* to *Slander*: and whosoever is of this temper, will soon find that the satisfaction a man gives to the World, by his own life, is better than that which he reaps to himself by another Man's Death.

FINIS.
